

spacecraftprojects

we are all astronauts

transmissions
jennifer atkinson

QUICK AND STILL

Little one

finch in the thistle

smidgeon a pin

feather almost

lost on the wind

wayward

light

as a scruple

of gold leaf

stay

nest again

in the tulip tree

we love

don't flit away

just yet

LIKE SOMEWHERE IN SASKATCHEWAN

Agnes Martin, *Flower in the Wind*, 1963

No flower. No wind.

A crisscrossed field divided as for botanical fieldwork:
A hatched, cross-hatched, half-recovered square

of prairie where every thistle seed
and cricket will be counted, accounted for

later, in lists and figures, gradations
of madder, the equanimity of numbers.

|||

Line is a graph of the after-felt, an afterword
thinking back to

milkweed, yarrow, sweet joe-pye,
finches among the high indian grass.

In summer, walking there
kicks up color—

the uprushed startle of underwings—
and the breathless sensation of sky

hits in the thrum and trill.

|||

One bodily moment and its harmonic afterlife:

revery entered into the record.
If the effect is abstract,

it is by virtue of abjuring
for now the plotting of scattered points,

instances, loose pollen,
the however beloved details—